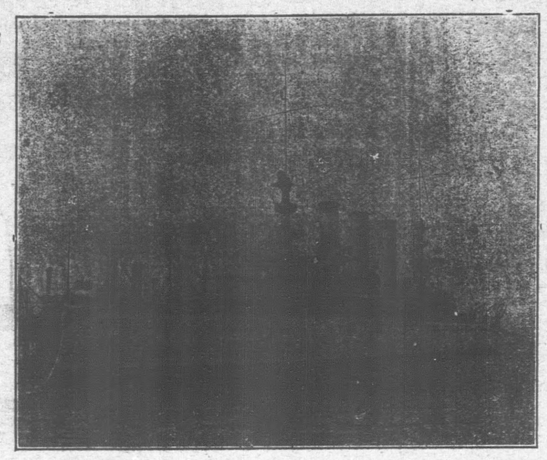
The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 43. NO. 8 MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1910. PRICE THREE CENTS

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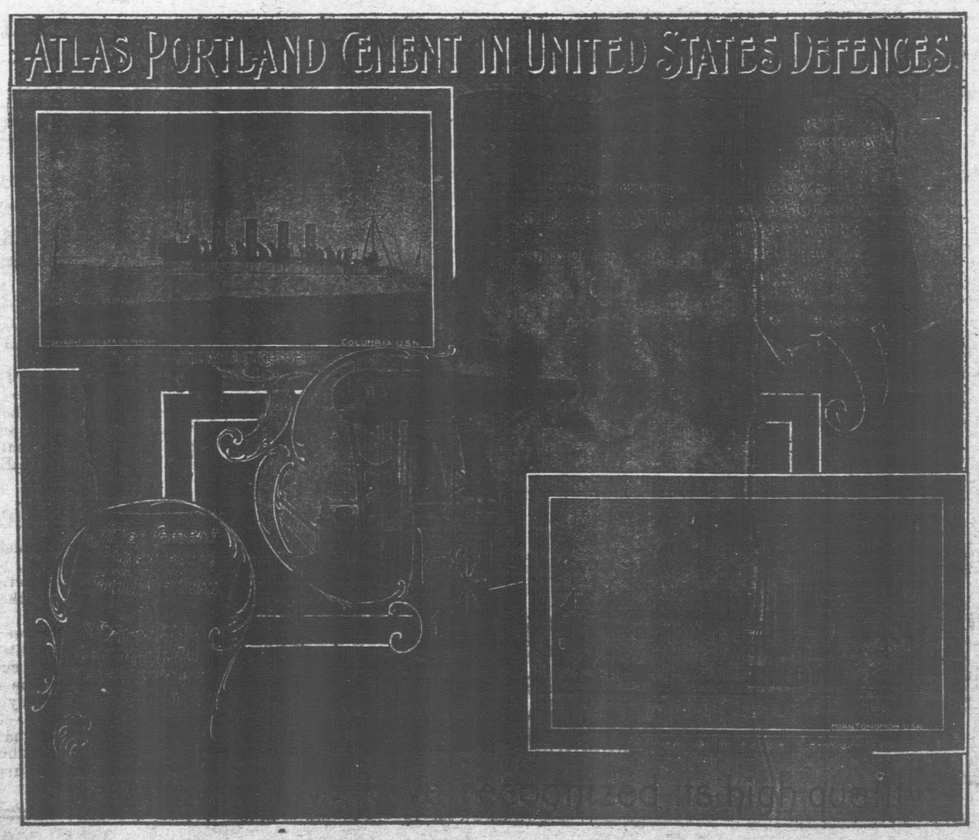
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JACKALS PLUNDER THE PEOPLE

TROY, Feb. 15th.—In telling a delegation of suffragists to-day why he favored votes for women, Supreme Court Justice Wesley O. Howard delivered a remarkable arraignment of political and commercial greed and graft. Howard is the Judge who recently made from the bench a severe criticism of the alleged exorbitant fees allowed commissioners for condemning lands for the Ashokan water works for New York City.

Justice Howard told the suffragists, who were headed by Mrs. Frances Fisher Byers, of New York, that intelligence and not sex should be the test for the right to vote. Then he said:

Governors are calling out the militia to suppress boxing exhibitions, while the jugglery of statutes in the same building is contributing with other causes to raise the cost of living to the point of bread riots.

"Waiters are forbidden to graft ten cents from the man who sits an hour at the dinner table, while the taxpayers are being plundered out of millions of dollars by the jackals that prowl around their public works.

"While the 'direct primary bill' is being added to the thirty-three other dead sections of the election law, to become the plaything of the bosses, butter and eggs are leaving the table of the laboring man and the smoke of sirloin steak is no longer smelt in his kitchen.

"While legislators are consuming their own time and the people's money in making and investigating charges of fraud, corruption and bribery against each other, some corporate monster is said to be sucking the milk from the table of the sick room and from the crib of the infant."

WHY HE SEARCHED

The old man had evidently dropped something in the muddy road, and he began searching for it. In three minutes about thirty strangers had joined in the search, and every additional minute brought additional searchers, till at last one, bolder than the rest plucked up heart and spoke:

"What are you looking for?" he inquired.

"My friend," mumbled the old man, "I have dropped a piece of taffy candy."

"But, great Scott," cried another of the crowd angrily, "why do you go looking for it when it will be covered with dirt?"

"Because, my inquisitive friend," replied the old man, "my false teeth are sticking to that taffy."

AGNES' TRIAL

The following interesting story was written by Miss Miriam Berkman, a pupil of the Middletown Public School:

"At last," cried Clive Ellsworth, "at last you are mine for good or bad until we are parted by death."

"Oh, Clive," said the blushing bride, "how can you speak of death at this time of our life. Oh, I can't bear it!"

Clive Ellsworth and Agnes Berrem had loved each other for a long time, and at last they were married and their joy was complete.

Agnes Berrem, or Agnes Ellsworth, is a graceful maiden of nineteen summers. Her face is of the clearest, creamiest whiteness, with deep vividly red lips, which forms a cupid's bow. Her cheeks are pink and her eye are of the deepest blue which are almost violet color. Her hair is a golden brown, which crowns her daintily poised head like a halo. She is so graceful, sweet and charming that she wins hearts wherever she goes.

Her husband is a tall, straight, broad-shouldered man of perhaps twenty-five. He is dark and handsome, his hair is very dark and his eyes are of the deepest black. He is so very handsome and earnest in whatever he does that many a fair damsel has lost her heart to him, but he never paid attention to any of them but the beautiful, dainty, graceful Agnes Berrem. He loved her with his whole heart, loved her as only a great, strong, earnest man can love.

Now as he stood with the beautiful fairy held in a close embrace, he was telling her of his joy that at last he could claim her for his bride, and she was telling him of her affection for him.

While on their honeymoon they were in a ceaseless round of gayety, meeting many people. Agnes was so very happy that she had forbodings that her happiness could not last. This she confided to Clive but he laughed at her and said, "Little wife, do you doubt me?" Then she laughed also, but her forbodings and nervous fears were not dispelled.

One evening they went to a grand ball, one of the grandest of the season. It was eagerly looked forward to with anticipation and delight. Agnes was dressed in pale blue satin of a shimmering brightness. Her bodice was cut low, revealing milk while neck and arms. Her golden hair was arranged low on her neck and flowers and jewels gleamed on the shining mass.

Clive admired her and scarcely left her side, till a handsome woman named Miss Leonie Gordon was introduced to them. Miss Gordon was wonderfully beautiful, her features and figure were faultless. She was about twenty-two years of age, and faultlessly attired in a dark red velvet gown over which rubies, which looked like her heart's blood, were falling gracefully. Her neck and arms were very white and plump. Her face was so bright as to hold one entranced. Her lips were a very rosy red and kissable. Her nose grecian and her eyes were so black and bright, merry and roguish, that they held one fascinated by their bright depths. Her hair is very black, silky and glossy, and rubies glimmer and glisten in their silky resting place. She is so beautiful that she may be likened to a picture of some great artist.

When Clive's eyes lighted on this beautiful vision all memory of his beautiful Agnes vanished from his mind. He talked with her, and she was so brilliant and spirited and coquettish that he was bewildered, entranced and felt powerless to go away from her.

Agnes saw his infatuation at once and if a knife had been stabbed into her gentle, patient heart she could have felt no more pain. When her partner claimed her for the next dance she could hardly bear him talking and answered only in monosyllables. Her eyes followed Clive and Leonie; she saw them leave the room together, she leaning gracefully on his arm. Then jealousy overcame her, and she became so pale that her companion inquired if she was ill; she answered shortly and said "no," but she was sick at heart at her husband's fickleness, his infatuation for the beautiful Leona who had captured him, and she said to herself, "What right has she to take my husband from me. Oh! what right has she!"

In the garden another scene was taking place. Wandering slowly up and down were Leonie and Clive, arm in arm, talking in low tones. When Agnes went in the garden a little later she saw Clive put his arm around Leonie; she didn't know that Leonie had stumbled and might have fallen but for the protecting arm. So she fled in her jealous blindness to the conservatory where she wept her overburdened heart out. Here Clive found her about an hour later, hating himself for his neglect of her. But he did not know then that it was Leonie's black eyes that had wiled him away from Agnes. Now he hated himself as he looked down at her, with her face flushed, her lips parted, and tears on her lashes. All at once she started crying "Oh, Clive, why did she; how could you? Oh!" and the tears rolled down her cheeks which were very pale. His conscience pricked him and taking her in his arms he asked her what was troubling her. Her only answer was sobs, but after a while she said brokenly, "Oh, Clive, how could you spend your evening with a woman you just met? She has taken you from me and I hate her for it!"

Clive soothed her, saying, "But dear, she is so charming that I could scarcely tear myself away, the time seemed so short. But come, little Agnes, we must be going home." He did not know how his words went to her wounded heart and took root and caused Agnes more than one night's loss of sleep. Poor child! only on their honeymoon and crying over jealousy already. But it was Clive's fault, if he had not allowed the beautiful Leonie's eyes to master him he would be true. When he leaves her he says, "I will go with her no more," but every time she turns her gaze on him, he is, so it seems, compelled to go with her.

Every day Agnes grows more pale and thin; she worrys for him and jealousy is eating her gentle heart away.

Leonie is worldly, vain and desires to win men's hearts only to trample them under foot. But in trying to win Clive's heart she found her own heart going out to him. She had played with fire and at last had got burnt.

Clive did not love her, he only liked to be with her and enjoy her conversation, so he said, but he could not withstand her appealing, coquettish beauty. Still he really loved Agnes but when she rated him about his fickleness, he went back to Leonie just to show his independence. He settled down in New York just to be near Leonie and see her, and they had been living there almost two years. One day a little girl came to bless their home, and Agnes was entirely bound up in her child. Clive stayed with her more and a homelike comfort began to steal over the magnificent mansion in which they lived.

The baby was called Pearle because of her preciousness to her mother and the value of her presence in the household that was so unhappy before her coming. Pearle grew and began to walk and talk. She was very cunning and the very image of her mother. She was plump, rosy and happy, her hair was curly and golden. Her eyes were blue and her mouth pouting but nevertheless full of dimples. She was loved dearly and petted and spoiled. When she was about four years old, Clive again met Leonie. She was still more beautiful than before. The old passion and infatuation overcame him, and again he left his beautiful wife and went with the coquettish Leonie. He stayed away from home and was scarcely there at all. Little Pearle would ask at night, "Where is Daddy? I want to tiss him doodnight." Her plaintive cry hurt the poor mother more than she cared to show. One day she said, "Clive, I wish you would stay at home more. You do not care for me but you can keep away from Miss Gordon and stay with Pearle. You are not what you used to be, and I cannot help but ask you this."

Clive was reproaching himself in his mind, but Agnes' words only angered him more because he knew they were deserved. "I will go where I please!" he answered curtly, "and I will thank you not to dictate to me where I go or what I shall do."

With these cruel words he arose, saying as he got to the door, "I am to take Leonie to the theatre; I mean Miss Gordon." Then he left the house in no enviable frame of mind.

When he left, Agnes went to her room with Pearle clasped to her breast. She kissed her and then put on a traveling suit and put on Pearle's coat and hat, and packing a valise with needful articles and writing a note left the house quietly, taking Pearle with her. She took a car and was soon in a quiet part of the city where she got cheap lodgings.

When Clive returned home he went over the house searching for Agnes. He was going to ask her to forgive him for his cruel words and to tell her that he would give up Leonie and stay with her, he was even willing to move from New York. When he came to his wife's room he found the note addressed to him. Reading it he fell in a chair astonished, with a face as white as death. He hated himself for his cruelty. The note read like this:

Dear Clive:—You do not love me, so I could not stay with you to show Pearle that her mother is cast aside for a more beautiful woman. You are now free to go with Miss Gordon, or as you familiarly call her, Leonie. My heart is broken. Do not follow for you will not find me.

Agnes.

Clive suffered terrible agony when reading this note.. He knew he was to blame. He also knew that he cared more for Agnes than he did for Leonie. And Pearle, his pet, his darling, his joy, was taken also. Surely he was fully repaid for all his foolish love of society and love of the witty.

Four years later in an old tenement house a little girl of about nine years old sits putting little pieces of wood in a little old stove. She is trying to keep warm and to warm the room which is way up in the top of a tenement house.

"Gee—Je—rusalem, but it is cold! Crickety, I have to dance to keep warm. Mean old landlord! I could box his head off for being so stuck up; goes around like this." With this the child goes up and down with her hands to her hips. Then with a "By Jingo, I feel like kicking that stove, it won't flare up anyway. Won't mother be tickled over these apples that were given to me, and this loaf of bread I bought. Oh," and the child stopped with a guilty look on her face, "I have been using slang and mother doesn't like it. I won't use it any more. I am so sorry."

The child sat near the stove hugging her knees and ravenously eating an apple and a thick piece of bread. "Oh, but it is good. I wonder who that is at the door. I'll go see. Oh, mother is it you. I am so glad you came early, look at the apples and bread I got. Aren't you glad?" A pale woman came in the room, her hair is a shiny gold, her eyes are bright blue, and you recognize Agnes Ellsworth, hardly changed at all. Pearle is the exact miniature of her, only in spite of poverty, Pearl is rosy and healthful.

"I am so tired, dear," said Agnes, "that I must lie down. I am thankful for the bread and apples. It is so cold out that even this poor attempt of a fire feels good." "Here, mother, is an apple," said Pearle, "and I will go out and sell the little cushions you made."

"Do not be gone long, dear, it is too cold for you to be out so poorly clad. I wish I could get more for you," then she began to weep. "Oh, mother," cried Pearle, sobbing also, "do not cry. I will work, oh, so hard if you will only not cry. Please, mother, don't cry!"

"I am not crying now, my dear little comfort," was the answer. "Now you may go." Then with passionate kisses Pearle was released and putting on an old shawl she speeded from the room.

Going up and down the street calling out her ware and half frozen with cold, the child started to cross a street when a quickly going carriage so frightened and bewildered her that she stood still a few fatal seconds, and was knocked down and trampled under the horses' feet. The carriage was soon brought to a halt and the spirited horses controlled. A man's head was thrust from the team, "What's the trouble?" he inquired. "A child is run over," was the answer, "and we don't know where she belongs." "Bring her in the team, I will care for her," said the man.

So little Pearle was carried into the luxurious team and laid on one of the velvet seats with her little head resting on the man's lap. The carriage went on its way and at last stopped before a beautiful brown stone mansion. The gentleman alighted, and carrying the child went up the steps. The doors were opened by a staid butler and then the gentleman, who was really Mr. Ellsworth, entered and surprised every one by carrying a limp, wounded child in his arms.

As he ascended the stairs he accosted the housekeeper and said, "Get the room in white and gold ready, and be quick about it. This child will stay here till claimed." After making these explanations, he went on and laid the child on a couch in his room, then he rang the bell and told a servant to get the doctor with all the speed he could master.

Soon the room was ready and he gave the unconscious Pearle to the housekeeper's care. When the doctor arrived he found Pearle in bed and the housekeeper by her side. On examining her he found that an arm was broken, an ankle sprained and many other bruises and hurts, but there was nothing serious. Leaving her in the housekeeper's care, he left, giving many directions however, that must be followed out.

In about two hours Pearle recovered consciousness. She looked languidly about her, her eyes took in the beautiful white room with touches of gold here and there. She said in a low voice, "Is this Heaven? Oh, how beautiful! Where is God? I thought I should see him when I got here, where is he?" Her words brought the kind housekeeper to her side "This is not Heaven, dear, this is the kind man's home. He brought you here after you were hurt," she explained. "Where is my mother?" inquired Pearle. "We do not know," was the answer. "Bring the man to me then," said Pearle. The housekeeper went out and in a little while a tall man entered. He went to the bed and sitting down he took the child's well hand and patted it. Silence reigned, it was soon broken by Pearle, "What is your name?" she asked. The man smiled, but he answered "Ellsworth" in a gentle tone. "How funny," said Pearle, "my name is Pearle Ellsworth, just like yours. You look just like a picture that my mamma always kisses. Have you any little girl like me?"

"I did have a little girl," answered Mr. Ellsworth, but she is gone now." He was much agitated and murmured "How like Agnes," under his breath. Pearle heard and said "Mother's name is Agnes, too. I wish I had a papa like you, then maybe mamma wouldn't be so sad always."

"I am your father, Pearle," said Mr. Ellsworth, clasping her in his arms and kissing her joyfully. "Found at last, my darling," he said. At first Pearle could not understand, but at last she was very happy that she had the father she longed for. "You must send for your mother," said Mr. Ellsworth, and after finding out the address Clive Ellsworth left the room. He went directly to the house the address pointed out and went up to the room that had sheltered Pearle for so long. He knocked, the door was opened by Agnes and he walked in. When he got in he said, "Agnes, I have come for you, darling. Do not say no but come." Agnes paled, then flushed. "Clive," she panted, "you here? Where is Pearle, my darling?" Clive explained, and told her how he hated Leonie now and that he only cared for her. So Agnes' trial was ended and once more she was at home with her loved ones. Pearle soon got well and her happiness was complete that she had a mother and father, and lived in the place she had mistaken for Heaven.

A LINCOLN STORY

"Among Lincoln's circus stories," said a veteran, "was one about a Delaware tough.

"A circus, Lincoln's story ran, visited Newcastle, and the town tough turned out, the afternoon of its arrival, to see what sort of a circus it was.

"A canvasman was making his usual round, shouting, "Off the guy-ropes, there! Off the guy-ropes!" when he came suddenly on the town tough, who was leaning against the canvas tent wall in the sun, smoking a corncob.

"'Ye wuzn't talkin' to me, wus ye, stranger?" said the tough, hunching up his shoulders wickedly.

"'Oh, no, sir," said the canvasman, frightened by the tough's size. "I only just wanted to warn you, sir, that it's a little dangerous to lean against the tent that way, as the elephant might kick you, sir."

"The tough snorted with comtempt.

"'Drat yer elephant," he growled. I'll clean out the hull show, elephant an' all, if ye give me any of yer lip."

"The canvasman slunk off humbly, and a few minutes later went inside and told the boss. The boss, who weighed over two hundred and stood six feet six in his socks, chuckled and took up one of the enormous mallets that were used to drive in tent pegs.

"Show me where he's leaning," was all he said.

"The canvasman led the boss to the place where the tough's form made a long, oval dent in the tent wall. The boss chuckling again, fixed his eye on that spot, just below the tough's coat-taile, where the dent was deepest, and swinging the mallet twice round his head, he struck with all his might.

"There was a dull thud, a cry of pain and fear, and the tough leaped ten feet, and then made off down the road as fast as he could run.

"What's the matter, Peleg?" the inhabitants shouted as he tore through the town.

"Kicked by the elephant," he yelled in reply."

THE TRANSCRIPT, $1 per year,

ART OF PRUNING VINES AND TREES

Time to Put the Vineyards and Orchards in Shape for Good Work

In pruning grapes it must be remembered that the fruit grows on the new wood of the present season's growth, which springs from wood grown the preceding season, and never on last year's wood. The fruit is borne near the base of the shoots. Each shoot should bear from two to six clusters; but only a limited number of clusters, from 30 to 80, should be allowed to develop on a single vine. This is a good time to prune.

Should the vine be strong enough to bear 30 clusters of grapes, about 15 buds should be left at pruning time, or 40 buds if the vine is strong enough to bear 80 clusters. The essential operation in pruning grapes is to cut back a limited number of the best canes to a few buds each season, entirely removing the others. The more usual method is to cut the canes back to eight or ten buds, and to leave but three or four canes, all of which should start from near the head or trunk of the vine. New arms should be taken out from year to year, as the bearing wood gets farther away from the trunk.

It is best to prune blackberries in the fall, but it may be done now. Usually only five or six canes from each root should be allowed to grow, the others being pulled out while they are still small. When the canes are 2½ to 3 feet high the tips should be cut or pinched back two or three inches. This checks upward growth and many laterals push out. These laterals bear the fruit the following season.

Pruning Mature Fruit Trees

Moderate annual pruning of the apple tree is always to be preferred to heavy pruning at irregular intervals. Heavy prunings have a tendency to upset a regular bearing habit and are apt to bring on an off-year. However, if it should become necessary to employ drastic measures in pruning the neglected orchard there should be no hesitation in doing it but the mistake must not be made in selecting an "off-year" in which to do the heavy pruning.

The growth of the tree, and, necessarily, the pruning, depends considerably upon the soil conditions, and it would hardly be safe to lay down definite rules for the pruning of any particular variety.

Varieties that bloom heavily, but set very few fruits, should be treated as varieties that overbear; prune them heavily during the dormant season. Varieties that refuse to develop fruit buds should not be pruned excessively during the dormant season at least.

The general plan of pruning the apricot will resemble that followed in pruning the peach, although, as a rule, it should be hardly as severe. The young tree is a strong grower, and must be put through about the same course of training as the young peach. This strengthens or stiffens the framework and develops a broad, lowheaded tree. The pruning should be sufficient to keep the fruiting work growing thriftily and the tree well within bounds. As the tree grows older it will need more severe pruning to force new fruiting wood in the centre. The top should be well spread, and the fruiting area of the head maintained near the ground.

It is a common impression among fruit growers that the mature cherry tree needs no pruning. This belief is probably due to the fact that there is no fruit tree of which it may be said that nature is a more efficient pruner. But, nevertheless, pruning will be found expedient when a fancy article is desired. The fruit is borne on one-year-old wood, and mostly on short growths or spurs. Fruit buds are also found as auxiliary buds near the base of the stronger growing new wood. Consequently, the tree will then, owing to its fruiting habit, stand only a moderate pruning. Overpruned trees will produce an excess of strong, new wood, with few fruit buds. In neglected trees the spurs become weak and spindling from constant bearing; the flowers are borne singly in the buds, when they should be in pairs or triplets, and the tree produces a large number of medium-sized fruits.

Peach, Pear and Plum Trees

It is said that there is no fruit tree that gives the careful, observing pruner more satisfaction than does the peach. No fruit tree will suffer more from neglect, or respond more quickly to careful treatment. The object should be to cut out enough wood to force good, strong growth each year; to remove superfluous fruiting wood and to give the tree the desired shape. The mature peach tree should make an annual growth of at least 18 inches. With such new growth much of the new wood will have to be removed entirely, while that remaining may be cut back to remove a part of the fruit buds it carries.

The mature pear tree is not one that requires a great deal of pruning, nor does it allow lack of pruning to interfere seriously with its proper behavior, so far as fruit bearing is concerned. However, for a fancy pear the owner of the old pear orchard is often reminded that the trees need pruning.

Some growers believe that the pear tree will not stand pruning, but, nevertheless, there is no variety to which moderate pruning is detrimental, and there are varieties where severe pruning is necessary. The practice of the most successful growers is to cut the tree back each year and remove some of the new wood that may have been forced by the last pruning.

It is difficult to say just how much the pear should be pruned; the grower will have to decide that for himself. The main object should be to thin the fruit and improve the quality, as well as to encourage more regular bearing.

The body of the plum tree is subject to injury from sun-scald, and it goes without saying that the tree should be headed low. The young trees of most varieties will need cutting back, and the tops thinning out, to develop them into desirable-shaped trees. Some varieties will need pruning to spread them, and others of more straggling habit will need cutting back to inside buds or branches to make them grow more upright.

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MIDDLETOWN, DEL., FEB. 19, 1910

AFTER BIG GAME

Mr. Heike, Treasurer of the Sugar Trust, some of whose smal tools have lately been jailed, now pleads guilty to defrauding the Government, but says his sacred person should go unwhipped of justice because he has received the "Immunity Bath" which it is customary for the authorities to administer to rich and distinguished rogues who may by some accident get caught in the law's drag net, designed to catch only the vulgar little rascals lower down. But Judge Martin declines to allow Mr. Heike to "hike" out in this easy fashion. He rightly deems the spectacle, in these days of pursy offenders, of a "higher up" scamp actually being brought to book, one far too rare to be given up so lightly!

Will the upper courts discover or invent some way of escape for this kid gloved felon? Nothing could better illustrate the grasping meanness and voracious rapacity of these rich trusts than the course of the Sugar Trust. Although enriched for years by the generous "protection" bounty of the Government, it has nevertheless for twenty years been robbing that Government with both hands millions of dollars every year! Robbing it on the one hand by fraudulent valuations on its importations, and by fraudulent weighings on the other. And still on top of all that, robbing the consuming millions by forcing them to pay 100 per cent. more than is just for an article so universally necessary as sugar, which the Sugar Trust could furnish for one-half the price charged, and yet clear a handsome profit thereon.

A SHORT-HAIRED SAMPSON

The apparent indifference to the Taft legislative program is pretty well illustrated by the difficulty that the Senate Committee on Territories has been having to get action on the bill reorganizing the government of Alaska. The committee has met several times without being able to scare up a quorum. A meeting was held Tuesday to consider some of the amendments to the bill, but again there were too many vacant seats. One Republican Senator commented on the situation in this way:

"In the twelve years that I have been in the Senate I have never before seen conditions such that I could not say in a general way what was going to be done—such conditions of mingled indifference and hostility."

That the whole ambitious legislative program of President Taft, consisting of the Postal Savings Bank, the Federal Incorporation Act, the Amended Railroad Rate bill, the Anti-Injunction, Statehood and Alaska bills, will all prove big failures, is the growing opinion in Washington. Yet ex-President Roosevelt, in the face of a yet more hostile Senate and House and despite all the machinations of the Cannon and Aldrich gang, got all his important reform measures passed! Why? Because, like the great Lincoln, he took into his confidence the omnipotent common people, for whom Lincoln was wont to say the Almighty showed His fondness by making so many of them! Therein lay the secret of the Roosevelt Sampson. Taft, on the contrary, instead of God's great proletariat, the American People, has unfortunately, taken into his confidence that precious pair of Trust emissaries, Cannon and Aldrich; and so it happens, alas! that he, like Sampson shorn of his locks and his eyes put out, grinds now a helpless captive in the prison house of the Philistine Trusts, their impotent sport! His sorrowful friends are hoping he may in the two years to come, be willing like Sampson to let his hair grow long again. Will he?

WHEN THAT PARCELS POST

Mr. John Wanamaker now sends merchandise of any sort—save very bulky articles like pianos, etc.—free to any part of the country. This removes the great objection urged against the Parcels Post that it would harm the country merchants by making it difficult for them to compete with the big department stores in the cities. Of course all Mr. Wanamaker's rivals will perforce follow suit. The truth is, the corrupt power of these big Express Companies in Congress, is withholding this greatly needed and universally desired popular blessing. The friends of these Express monopolies, are very anxious lest the change increase the expenses of the Post Office Department! Well, just try it on in a small way—as was done in rural free delivery—and soon enough will it be demonstrated that this service will *decrease*—and largely too—the cost of the Post Office Department.

PEARY REAR ADMIRAL

What! Advance Lieutenant Peary who left the Navy and the duties he was paid to perform to waste some twenty years or more upon the silly fad of a useless, fruitless hunt for a mythical North Pole! Advance this conceited devotee of a senseless spectacular craze to the honor of Vice-Admiral over the heads of the worthier men who have grown gray in the useful service of their country! The thing is absurd! As well promote the redoutable lieutenant for the equally profitable achievement of spending twenty years in acquiring a monkey facility of shinnying up to the top of a greased pole! Through the long pursuit of his pet folly Peary has become rich—a single magazine having paid him $50,000 for his story—while his fellow officers, keeping all those years the prosy, but infinitely more useful, post of duty, have stayed poor on the modest salary allowed them! And as if that fat bank account and all the cheap laurels showered upon him, were not enough, his maudlin admirers must needs rob some worthier officer of his justly earned promotion! The principle that would thus embargo fidelity, to reward charlatanism, discredits the nation, and is flagrantly unjust. It smacks too much of the favoritism that in the English navy boosts some shallow Poohbah of a lordling over the grizzled polls of veterans.

Then in the event of a sudden war, a pretty figure he would cut as Rear Admiral—this naval Rip VanWinkle just awakened from his twenty years hypoborean nap! Almost as much a stranger to the new and complicated modes and appliances of naval warfare come into use since he deserted his post for Arctic adventure, as the heroic Paul Jones himself resurrected from his mouldy tomb!

PENNSY LEASES DELAWARE RAILROAD

"At a special meeting of the stockholders of the Delaware Railroad Company held Tuesday at Dover, it was unanimously decided to accept the Pennsylvania Rail road Company's proposition to lease the property for 99 years and 4 months from March 1st, 1910, at an annual rental of $406,264, payable semi-annually, the money to be applied to payment of dividends, 8 per cent. being guaranteed, the lessee agreeing to pay all taxes and other expenses incident to the business of the Delaware Railroad. The first payment to be made on or before June 28th, amounting to $135,421.34, being for the four months from the beginning of the lease to the time of the first payment. It is stipulated that at the expiration of the lease period the lease can be extended from year to year or can be terminated by either party on six months notice.

"Under the terms of the lease the Delaware Railroad Company is relieved of all expenses in the management and operation of the road, but permanent improvements are to be made by order of the Delaware Railroad directors, at the expense of the Delaware Railroad Company. The lessee is, however, to keep the road in first-class condition and operate it properly, keeping pace with development. For all permanent improvements the Delaware Railroad Company can pay in new issue of bonds, provided it does not exceed the present indebtedness of $900,000, or in stock, the lessee guaranteeing the interest during the period of the lease.

It is currently reported and believed that this same Delaware Railroad is earning somewhere between 25 and 30 per cent. on its stock—its lease for 100 years for the privilege of earning only 8 per cent. would seem to be a very generous one upon the part of its officials!

SALES TO TAKE PLACE

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22d, 1910.—Public sale of stock, farming implements, &c., by C. M. Cochran, on the "Beechwood Farm," 1½ miles from Middletown.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24th, 1910.—Public sale of stock and farming implements by Thomas Lattomus, on the farm known as the Collier farm, 4½ miles south of Townsend, Del., on the road leading from Dexter's Corner to Price's Corner. D. P. Hutchison, auctioneer.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10th, 1910.—Public Sale of stock, farming implements, etc., by William Henderson, on the road leading from Dog Town to Paterson's School House. D. P. HUTCHISON, Auctioneer.

CURRENT PRICES

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. B. FOARD.

Wheat—No. 1	$1.20	Corn—	
No. 2		Yellow, shelled	64
Timothy Seed	$2.50	" cob	68
Clover Seed	.17	Oats	65

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY W. T. CONNELLEE

Eggs, per doz	25@28
Country Butter, per lb	28@31
Creamery Butter, per lb	36
Lard, per lb	13@17
Live Chickens, per lb	14@16
Potatoes	35@45

D. Ross & Son, 206 10 Market Street, Wilmington, are the exclusive agents for McCall Patterns and Publications, and carry in stock over ten thousand dress patterns of the latest Paris, London and New York styles from which the ladies of Middletown and vicinity can supply their pattern wants immediately at popular prices, 10 and 15c. Mail orders given prompt and careful attention.

[Communicated]

CIGARETTES VS. SMALL BOYS

ED. TRANSCRIPT:—"Father" asks what ought to be done with the fellow who in spite of his warning persists in selling cigarettes to his little boys. Well, here are a few answers I have heard from the lips of some of the best citizens in Middletown. Nos. 1 and 2.—"If he'd tell me he would sell my boys cigarettes whenever he pleased I would smash his face over his own counter." No. 3.—"He ought to be run out of town." Nos. 4 and 5. "Tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail." No. 6.—"People ought to boycott his business." No. 7.—"Shut him up and not let him do business." No. 8.—"Put the law on him and land him in jail," etc.

This dealer has been thus corrupting the boys of this town, big and little, for six or seven years, and far from expressing any shame for his course, defends it and insisting he has a legal right to sell, and *will* sell, cigarettes to boys of any age, and then coolly tells the parents of the town "If you don't want your little boys to buy my cigarettes, keep 'em home!" Whether he has any moral right to injure children in this way, does not matter a rap to him so long as he is beyond the reach of the criminal law which he claims to be because the cigarettes he sells, have tobacco wrappers and not paper ones. He stands strictly on his legal right to sell to irresponsible children that which he knows will harm both their health and their morals. He has been engaged in this disreputable business for six years or more. To encourage the little chaps without the nickel, he accommodatingly breaks a pack, and sells them a penny's worth of nicotine poison! He keeps a sort of cigarette "cradle roll" for the Devil! He says he sells cigarettes to anybody "from two years old and over." Herod's rule in his "Slaughter of the Innocents," was two years old and under. At any rate, this Judean monster did not harm the characters of his little victims—which is more than can be said for this purveyor of nicotine. If there is any law to punish the wicked traffic, one would think the fathers of these lads would set it in motion; yet some of them are for giving this old offender "another chance" to do it again as he no doubt will, the moment this little scare blows over. He has already been at it six years. Possibly the mothers of Middletown may think their little lads "ought to have a chance"—to escape the blight of the tobacco habit—at least till they are out of their small clothes. I am told this depraved creature has also sold cigarettes to little girls. For my part, I am waiting to see if our smug moralists with their charitable (!) "give him another chance," will let their righteous indignation find expression simply in this weak condonation of a sordid willingness for a few pennies to damage, and possibly ruin, sweet, helpless childhood. MAN ABOUT TOWN.

[Communicated]

EDITOR TRANSCRIPT:—I read in the columns of THE TRANSCRIPT a notice and complaint of some person selling tobacco to the children of the town, little tots of tender years. Anyone can readily understand why the complaint, but cannot understand why a man or woman should ask the Editor of a local paper, "What shall I do?"

With this young man the question is a simple one; turn the tobacco seller over to the State's Attorney, prosecute the offender against the law, or, if there is no law to reach him, then take the matter into your own hands and punch the stuffing out of him, after which he will most likely take heed to the next man who forbids him to sell to his little ones. A man who will neither prosecute nor fight in defence of his dear ones, is, in the judgment of the writer, worse than the man who sells the poison to the little boys. Be a man, and go at him. If any costs follow, this writer stands ready to give a V in cash and physical help as well. Don't let the word *popularity* stand between you and duty. UNCLE PETER.

BANNER YEAR IN TUBERCULOSIS WAR

Interesting in the anti-tubercul osis campaign now being waged throughout the United States is evidenced by the fact that in the year 1909, 163 new anti-tuberculosis associations were formed, 33 tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals were established, and 91 tuberculosis dispensaries were opened. Compared with previous years, this is the best record thus far made in the fight against consumption in this country.

During the year 1909, forty-three more associations for the prevention of tuberculosis were formed than during the previous twelve months, and sixty-two more hospitals and sanatoria were established. On January 1st, 1910, there were in the United States 394 anti-tuberculosis associations, 386 hospital and tuberculosis sanatoria and 265 special tuberculosis dispensaries.

During the year that has passed, the sanatoria and hospitals of this country treated over 31,000 patients, giving a total of nearly 3,200,000 hospital days' treatment. Of the 31,000 patients treated, about one-half were discharged as improved to a greater or less extent, and a large percentage of the incipient cases were discharged as cured. Altogether there are nearly 20,050 hospital beds provided in the entire United States for tuberculosis patients, or about one bed for every 30 patients. The 386 associations have 9,000 members and are contributing close to a million dollars every year for the fight against tuberculosis. The 265 dispensaries treated during the year over 60,000 patients, who made over 500,000 visits.

WOMAN HAS HOOFS LIKE COW

Mary Bateon, an aged colored woman of Seaford, has feet like those of a cow. While they retain their original shape, the bottom and sides are covered with a bony substance about half an inch thick, very much resembling that of an animal's hoof.

Several months ago, as her feet began hardening, she was compelled to leave off shoes, and during the coldest weather walks around barefooted. While she suffers considerable pain at times in the fleshy portion of the feet, she has no feeling in the new covering. Her case is one that puzzles physicians.—Ex.

THE TRANSCRIPT, $1.00 per year.

STOLE HIS TEAM AT TOWNSEND

John Jones, a well-known colored man, had his team stolen soon after driving to Townsend. He went there to transact some business and hitched his horse in the front of a store. When ready to start for home in two hours he found his team gone. He searched for it all night and all the next morning. Finally in the afternoon it was discovered on the farm of George Shockley. He found the horse and carriage along the road in front of his place. Constable VanHorn aided the colored man in locating the team. It is believed that an unknown man, who had been seen in town, drove off with the team and deserted it near the Shockley farm.—Ex

NOTICE!

I JOHN C. CARROLL, tenant and occupier of the house known as the National Hotel, situated at Middletown, in School Districts, No. 60, 60½ and 94, county of New Castle and State of Delaware, in compliance with the requirements of the General Assembly in such cases made and provided, do hereby give notice that I shall apply in writing to the Court of General Sessions of the State of Delaware, in and for New Castle County, on Monday, the 7th day of March, A. D. 1910, being the next term of said Court, for a license for said house as an inn or tavern for the sale therein of intoxicating liquors in quantities less than one quart, to be drunk on the premises, and the following respectable citizens of said School District, at least six of whom are substantial freeholders of said School District, recommend the said application, viz:

Geo. W. Price,	Geo. W. McCrone,
Harry W. Richards,	his
C. P. Cochran,	Patrick x O'Neal,
Willard B. Bigge,	mark
John P. McIntyre,	(witness to O'Neal,
Joshua Clayton, Jr.,	H. W. Richards)
C. G. Cann,	Joseph Gary,
J. L. Parsons,	Freeman Morgan,
Harry M. Black,	Alex. Maxwell,
Cyrus Tatman,	Geo. Echenhofer,
Theo. Whitlock,	George W. Peterson,
John P. Cochran, Jr.,	S. E. Lewis,
W. A. Comegys,	Julian Cochran,
W. S. Letherbury.	

JOHN C. CARROLL.
Middletown, Del., Jan. 29th, 1910.

NOTICE

I, WILLIAM A. JESTER, licensed druggist, owner of the house in the town of Delaware City, School Districts, No. 52 and 76, County of New Castle and State of Delaware, in compliance with the requirements of the acts of the General Assembly in such case made and provided, do hereby give notice that I shall apply in writing to the Court of General Sessions of the State of Delaware, in and for New Castle County, on Monday, the seventh day of March, A. D., 1910, being the next term of said court, for a license for the said house as a drug store, for the sale therein of intoxicating liquors by prescription for medicinal purposes in less quantities than one quart, and the following respectable citizens of said School District, at least twelve of whom are substantial freeholders of said districts, recommended the said application, viz:

F. S. Jester,	W. W. Cheairs,
E. L. Clark,	Frank A. Schnuder,
J. B. Clark,	W. M. Householder,
C. E. Baum,	W. A. Davidson,
J. E. Sadler.	H. C. Price,
Dr. W. W. Ellis,	D. Stillman.

WILLIAM A. JESTER.
Delaware City, Del., January 27th, 1910.

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That's because the policy of the manufacturer is to give as much not as little as he can for the customer's money. This is a wise policy. It means pleased customers and pleased customers mean more sales. The result is that more Black Cat Stockings are sold than any other make.
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The Middletown Transcript

Mails Close as Follows.

Going North—7.35 a. m., 10.05 a.m., 4.05 p.m. 6.00 p. m. and 8 p. m.

Going South—8.00 a.m., 4.15 p. m., and 9 p.m

For Odessa—75.0 a. m., 8.30 a. m. 11.30 a. m., 4.50 p. m.

For Warwick, Cecilton and Earlville 9.20 a. m, and 4.45 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., FEB. 26, 1910

Local News

Try Blome's rye bread and cream puffs.

Dr. J. Allen Johnson will examine your teeth and give estimate without charge.

I pay the highest cash prices for all kinds of Fur. W. C. JONES.

Come and see our large stock of new spring Childrens' Wash Dresses. See our ad. A. FOGEL.

All kinds of fresh and salt Meats, Sausage, Scrapple and Lard constantly on hand. W. C. JONES.

Our personal column can be made more complete and interesting if our readers will send notices of entertainments and visitors.

Highest cash prices paid for all kinds of Poultry and Eggs. W. C. JONES.

Men's Satin Calf Shoes, Solid Leather Sole, every pair Guaranteed, for $1.63. We sell on 10 per cent. profit. MRS. G. W. PETERSON.

We have stored in our Cribs, YELLOW COB CORN for sale, terms to suit the purchaser. JESSE L. SHEPHERD. Phone 5.

FOR RENT.—Stable on West Main street, opposite National Hotel. Possession March 25th. G. E. HUKILL.

At the last meeting of the Odessa Loan Association, D. Clarence Aspril, of the Security Trust & Safe Deposit Company, of Wilmington, was elected a director.

Dishes, we have them. 42 piece dinner set, choice ware $3.98, 56 pieces tea set choice ware $4.75. Toilet set from $1.85 up. MRS. G. W. PETERSON.

Stored in our Warehouses all kinds of FERTILIZERS for SPRING CROPS. Send your teams and we will give them prompt attention. JESSE L. SHEPHERD, Phone 5.

E. H. Beck, Real Estate Broker, has sold the farm belonging to W. W. Calhoun, near Porters, containing 98 acres, to G. W. Dasher of Ridgley, Md., for $5,000.

Have your Live Stock Insured against death from any cause, in the Indiana & Ohio Live Stock Insurance Co. For rates write to JOHN J. JOLLS, Agent, Middletown, Delaware.

School Shoes for Boys and Girls. We sell the best for the least money 10 cents on the dollar profit is all we ask or want. MRS. G. W. PETERTON.

We will have in our Warehouses 5 Car Loads of SEED POTATOES, shipped direct from MAINE True to name. Place your orders early. Phone 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

After October first, the Library hours will be as follows: Tuesday, 3.30 to 5; Fridays, 7 to 8 30; Saturdays, 3 to 5. The Library will be open on Tuesday evenings, from 7 to 8.30, for school children exclusively.

Ladies' Cushion Comfort Shoes, $1.98 We have sold over 300 pairs of these Shoes, every pair we sell brings more Customers. MRS. G. W. PETERSON.

We have in STORAGE several hundred tons of HIGH GRADE LEHIGH and BITUMINOUS COAL. You don't have to place your order before-hand as it is ALWAYS IN STOCK. We have just added to our yard a nice lot of SAWED WOOD. Phone 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

At the public sale of St. Joseph's Industrial School at Clayton on Wednesday, thoroughbred Holstein calves, eight months old, sold as high as $75, and good prices were realized for all stock offered. D. P. Hutchison and W. H. Collins were the auctioneers.

Harry Elzie, colored, of Cecilton, Md., was arrested by railroad detective Armstrong on Wednesday night. The offence causing Elzie's downfall was committed Christmas night, the charge being drunk and disorderly, and after hearing the evidence 'Squire Cox assessed him $7.00.

The Rev. William H. Hutchin has accepted an invitation to fill the pulpit of the M. E. Church, at Tilton, N. H., during the absence of the pastor, who will go abroad during the first summer month. Rev. Hutchin will take up his new duties about June 1st, and will remain in Tilton three months.

Unclaimed Letters—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post office for the week ending February 17th: Mrs. Aulvory Johns, Mrs. Elie Jones, Miss Emma Fountain, Miss Maggie Jones, Miss Mary Swift Rupert, Mr. D. A. Coe, Edward Garrison, (dead letter); Mr. A. J. Messick, Mr. William Parks.

Constantly on hand, *all sizes* of the *Best Veins* and *best prepared Hard Coal*, for Heaters, Ranges and Cook Stoves. Clean and full weight. Prompt delivery at lowest prices. Also *Cord Wood* sawed to stove length, $2.00 for cartload. If you have not been using our coal, try it and be happy. G. E. HUKILL.

The County Commissioners came to Middletown last Saturday for the purpose of inspecting Noxontown mill dam which was broken and washed out two weeks ago. President Dayett informed the writer that it would likely be several weeks before the dam could be repaired, so the road is closed indefinitely. The Commissioners are considering replacing the old dirt causeway with something more substantial, and it will require time to advertise for bids, etc.

Herman Merry, colored, of Clayton, was arrested at the railroad station Saturday afternoon by railroad detective Campbell, and given a hearing before 'Squire Alfred G. Cox, who imposed a fine and costs, amounting to $5.00. The offence for which Merry was apprehended was drinking on the railroad premises, and after settling his fine, he made a hasty retreat.

All subscribers to this paper are requested to look at the address slip on their papers. If your paper is dated January, '09, it means that your subscription is paid up to January, 1909, the first two figures of the year being omitted so that we can get the entire address and date in one line. If your paper is dated August, '10, it means that your paper is paid for to August, 1910. Dollar bills may be sent by ordinary mail with little or no danger of loss. Please do not neglect attending to your subscription account.

If you take a live interest in your community, a good way to manifest that fact is to send to your county paper any item of local interest that might transpire thereabouts, or if the paper had a local correspondent in your neighborhood, communicate the intelligence to him. THE TRANSCRIPT is always glad to receive news from its readers, and if more persons could be made to realize this fact, the paper would be more interesting.

The pupils of the primary department of the Middletown Public Schools rendered a pleasing musical and literary program in the assembly room on Monday evening, and the large audience was well pleased with the efforts of the little folks. An admission of 15 cents was charged, and the proceeds, which amounted to $26, were turned over to the piano fund.

Mr. J. A. Cleaver our efficient town tax collector, settled with the Town Commissioners in full for the 1909 duplicate on Monday evening, thus again demonstrating to our people that it is possible to collect the taxes in the time prescribed by law. The duplicate for the year 1909 amounted to $8.328 71, and the penalties $70.01, making a total of $8,398.72. During the year Mr. Cleaver paid to the Town Treasurer $7,962 24, while the rebates allowed amounted to $323.34, and his error list was $113 14. Mr. Cleaver has just completed his third year as tax collector for the Town of Middletown, and has always settled in full with the Commissioners during the month of February.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the Forest Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning, March 13th, and will be preceded by special services beginning on Sunday, February 27th. The arrangements for preaching are as follows: Monday evening, February 28th, the Rev. Alexander Alison, Jr., of West Church, Wilmington; Tuesday evening, March 1st, the Rev. Winthrop Benton Greese, of the Second Church, Philadelphia; Wednesday, to be announced; Thursday, the Rev. S. Beattie Wylie, of New Castle, and the Rev. Arthur W. Spooner, D. D., of Washington, D. C., will preach on Friday and Saturday evenings and at every service of the week beginning Sunday, March 6th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Last Sunday was an unusual interesting day at Forest Presbyterian Church.

Owing to the closing of the M. E. Church, a number of the members of that congregation attended the service at Forest Church. In the morning the pastor, Rev. F. H. Moore, preached, assisted by Revs. V. S. Collins and J. A. Arters. The text was taken from the first verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Exodus.

In the evening, Dr. Collins preached, assisted by Revs. Moore and W. H. Hutchin. Dr. Collins' text was from the twenty-fifth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Matthew, "Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me."

The choir rendered unusually good music at both services.

The Christian Endeavor Service in the early evening was well attended. Revs. Arters, Hutchin, and Moore were present and gave short talks on the subject for the evening "Temperance." A number of boys and girls were present who sang "Rescue the Perishing" with a will.

NEW LOFT INSTITUTED

Local Red Men had a gala time Tuesday evening, when they were visited by several members of Loft No. 1½, of Wilmington, who instituted Seneca Loft, No. 44½ in this town, when 36 members of Seneca Lodge, No. 44, were initiated into the mysteries of the side degree. National Deputy Chief Haymaker Frank A. Gradwohl of Wilmington, assisted by his staff of Haymakers did the work.

To say that all enjoyed the interesting ceremonies is not expressing the satisfaction of those who received the degree. Very instructive talks were made by Deputy Chief Gradwohl, Companions Schell, Davees, Sayler and Dadreter. The new loft starts out under the most favorable auspices, and before many moons roll around the Haymakers will be in evidence in this locality. At the door of the institution all were invited to the auditorium of the Opera House, where corn and venison were served in abundance. The visitors expressed themselves as being pleased with the very successful start of the local Loft and the cordial entertainment given them. Luncheon was served by Caterer Crawford Gibbs.

The officers of Seneca Loft, No. 44½ are: Past Chief Haymakers, J. A. Suydam, Gary Whitlock and Colonel Crouch; Chief Haymaker, George Richards; 1st Assistant Chief Haymaker, Grover Crow; 2d Assistant Chief Haymaker, Russell Cleaver; Collector of Straws, C. Crouch; Keeper of Straws, John Maull; Horn Blower, Edward Blome; Bass Driver, Woodall Cochran; Guard of Barn Door, Robert Ratledge; Guard of Hayloft, Upton Shipley.

BETHESDA M. E. CHURCH

The program for the reopening services of Bethesda M. E. Church, on Sunday, February 27th, 1910, will be as follows:

9.30 A. M., Love Feast, led by Rev. W. H. Hutchin; 10.30, preaching by Rev. Dr. E. W. Caswell, of Brooklyn; 2.30 P. M., Platform Service, Alfred G. Cox, Esq., presiding. Addresses by Rev. Dr. F. H. Moore, of the Forest Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. A. Arters, Rev. R. K. Stephenson and others; 7.30 P. M., preaching by the District Superintendent, Rev. R. K. Stephenson.

Monday, 10 A. M., Fourth Quarterly Conference; 7 30 P. M., Preaching by Rev. R. H. Adams, of Harrington.

Tuesday, 8 P. M., a Musical Recital, given by Miss Elizabeth J. Collins, the pastor's daughter, assisted by Mrs. Nina Prettyman-Howell, violin virtuoso, and her husband, Mr. Lewis J. Howell, the celebrated baritone; silver offering for the Brotherhood Improvement Fund.

Wednesday, 6 P. M. a church supper for all contributing members and friends of Bethesda, followed by music. Toasts will be responded to by Reverend Doctors Alfred Smith and W. L. S Murray, Rev. W. H. Hutchin and others.

Thursday, 7 30 P. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. W. L. S. Murray.

Friday, 7.30 P. M., Rev. Dr. C. T. Wyatt.

Sunday, March 6th, 1910, 10.30 A. M., Missionary Sermon by Rev. L. E. Barrett, of Chestertown; 2 P. M., Missionary Day in the Sunday School; and Superintendent Martin B. Burris hopes for a great day; 7.30 P. M., preaching by Rev. George P. Jones, District Superintendent.

PERSONALITIES.

Mr. A. Fogel was in Philadelphia Monday.

Dr. M. B. Burstan was in Philadelphia Monday.

Mr. J. C. Alston spent Wednesday in Wilmington.

Mr. Charles P. Cochran spent Thursday in Wilmington.

Mr. Oscar Minner has accepted a position in Wilmington.

Mrs. L. P. McDowell is spending sometime with friends in Wilmington.

Miss Lena Dutton spent part of this week in Wilmington.

Miss Addie Whitlock is visiting her sister in Philadelphia.

'Squire Alfred G. Cox has been confined to the house during the past week.

George D. Kelley, Jr., of Newark, spent last Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. S Burstan has returned from a three weeks visit to New York City.

Mrs. E. H. Beck is entertaining her aunt, Mrs. Hughes, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Moore were in Philadelphia and Wilmington on Monday.

Miss Mary Beasten and Master Frank Tyson spent last Sunday with friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Townsend and little son were guests of relatives in New Castle on Sunday.

Mrs. Isabelle Snedeker, of New Brunswick, N. J., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph A. Suydam.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Kates spent several days the first of the week with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Ida R. McCrone is spending this week in Wilmington with her daughter, Miss Frances, who is sick.

Mrs. Rachel Flinn, of near Wilmington, spent several days this week with the Misses Gill, on Green street.

Mrs. Lizzie Morris returned to her home in Odessa on Monday, after spending several days with Mrs. M. B. Burris.

Miss Elizabeth Collins, of New York City, is visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. V. S. Collins, at the M. E. Parsonage.

Mrs. A. Fogel and Miss R. E. Culp are attending the wholesale millinery openings in Philadelphia and New York this week.

Mrs. G. L. Townsend and Mrs. J. C. Stites were guests at the birthday luncheon of the Smyrna Century Club last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Roberts are spending several days with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Robinson, near Smyrna.

Miss Whiteman and Miss Chandler, of Wilmington, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Pool, near McDonough.

Mr. and Mrs H. S. Brady left on Saturday for Atlantic City, N. J. Mr. Brady has returned, but Mrs. Brady and little daughter are spending the week at that popular resort.

AMERICAN MECHANICS AT DINNER

A delightful little dinner was served at the residence of E. S. Jones, on Wednesday evening, to ten members of Middletown Council, No. 2, Jr. O. U. A. M. The affair was the outcome of a wager between two teams of five men each, one headed by Councilor, E. I. Banning, the other headed by Vice-Councilor, H. E. Manlove. The teams were formed in October last for the purpose of getting new members and the losing team headed by Mr. Banning was forced to buy the dinner. The guests assembled at 8.30 and at 9.00 were ushered to the dining-room where the table was most beautifully decorated with red and white carnations. The following menu was served by Mrs. Jones, assisted by Misses May Kumpel, Elsie R. Jones, Sallie Hilyard, Mrs. M. J. Darlington and Mrs. S. M. Hopkins.

Oysters
Raw Fried
Chicken Salad, Potato Salad
Olives Pickles Jelly
Maryland Biscuit
Brick Cream Cake
Cigars

Those present were E. S. Jones, H. E. Manlove, Harry P. Jones, W. T. Pearce, Jr., J. R. Richards, George M. Richard, Royden Wilson, E. I. Banning, D. W. Stevens, Robert B. Jones. After spending about two hours at the table the guests were entertained with piano selections by Miss Bertha Jones and also songs by Stacey Jones.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR CHIEF

Middletown found a jewel when it made Mr. Howard Stanley the chief keeper of the town's peace. He has always tried to do his duty, fearlessly and impartially towards high and low alike. The town has never had such good order within its borders, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

We give our readers a summerized statement of his work in the 9 months he has held the office of Chief of Police of the town, viz:

Arrests for drunkenness	19
Drunk and disorderly	28
Assaults and batteries	9
Disorderly conduct	29
Drunk and using profane and undecent language	11
Shooting crap	3
Vagrancy	12
Assaulting officers	2
Threatening to kill	4
Larceny	2
Concealed weapons	4
Shooting in town limits	2
Peddling without license	5
Various other offenses	12
Sent to workhouse	48
Paid Fines	107
Amount Fines in 9 months	$463.40
Amount Fines paid in previous 12 months about	$ 45.00

This is a fine record, and Officer Stanley not only has a right to be proud of it, but also to expect that the people of our town will appreciate this faithful service of their polite and gentlemanly officer.

TOWN ELECTION, MARCH 7th

Notices are out announcing the annual town election will take place in Middletown, on Monday, March 7th, between the hours of one and four o'clock in the afternoon. At this election two Commissioners will be elected to fill the vacancy caused by the terms of Messrs. George V. Peverley and Joseph Hanson expiring. At the same time we will elect an assessor, town treasurer and alderman to serve one year respectively. Every good citizen should be sufficiently interested in his town as to vote, whether there is one ticket or more in the field.

SEEN AND HEARD

No, fellow citizen, East Main street has not been ploughed-up—its the traffic that has simply passed over it, that causes the furrows; and our "new" Town Commissioners intend repairing it sometime before their coming term expires.

When you get as interested in the feathered tribe, as one of our prominent brethren, then possibly on Washington's birthday and such like holidays, you will feed them canned corn, beans and tomatoes. It is an indisputable fact that our friend referred to does this, and then he is so much bound up in his feline pet, that he kills the chickens he so carefully feeds, to tickle "billy's" appetite.

That on one day last week an automobile was seen flying up Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., heading for "Bill's" containing two of our prominent citizens and that they were certainly enjoying themselves to the limit. Now when this is charged-up to the firm will it appear on the expense account as an "incidental" or a "joy ride."

Jean McCoy has a mule sick with blood poison and last week a specialist was called in from Wilmington to prescribe what a difference between the poor children of the city tenements and the country mule? Mules cost money.

Well, John! you certainly have a fine collection, let me see now, there's A., P., M., and A., that's so; well keep up the good work and you will soon have one for every day in the week.

Washington, D. C., is a great place to spend a honeymoon, ain't it Daniel? Some people have to wait for May though to see that city at its best.

Most of our marriageable young men seem to be afflicted with the thinning of their thatches.

When the unconquerable Joseph starts in to talk "spreader," it's up to his listener to commence filling-out his note.

What is it that attracts Mike to our town so much? Why don't you marry the girl is the title of the latest and most popular song.

That Harry M., is certainly fond of flowers.

That Miss R. W., is now past the rib breaking stage, is safe, sound and quiet in single harness.

The young ladies sewing circle met at the home of Miss Florrie Blome on Monday evening last when everybody's business was fully and freely discussed to the merest detail.

The purpose of the session was the collecting and preparing of many articles for their many "hope" chests, let us all therefore fondly hope and trust that there will not be many and heartrending disappointments.

That there are no peroxides in town, it's all real. Ask them.

That there are quite a few of our farmers who are studying the science of things around the farm, one of whom is a certain gentleman by the name of A. P. Corbit residing in Odessa. It used to be, and is yet with a few men, that they farmed for pasttime, and where we see it, such have our sympathy.

That a certain blushing debutante of our town saw the 23d anniversary of her birth on Sunday last, and that on Monday morning upon arrival at her office she was presented by her fellows with 23 elegant American beauties purchased at Charles Jones'. The recipient was mightily moved when the presentation was made and in return made a very fitting speech, at the conclusion of which she asked her hearers if they thought that Mr. Jones would exchange the half-smokes for a piece of liver.

That a gentleman (?) half full of the wine that causes some to blubber, blew into our town on Saturday night and upon standing up at one of our local bars said he had just made a date with one of the respected young ladies of our town. The stranger was called a liar to his teeth and found the atmosphere so oppressive hereabouts that he immediately hiked to the quiet and peaceful borough of Townsend in a decided hurry.

That we think more of the other fellow's wife and sisters than they usually do in some communities and that we fiercely hate those that don't.

That a certain gentleman, Arthur by name, would just as soon fight as eat and that therefore you should be careful as to just what you say to him.

That the joint congregation at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday thoroughly enjoyed the change and the different talks by the Revs. Moore and Collins.

That the Rev. Dr. V. S. Collins is a friend of God!

Did you ever meet the woman who has a friend whose son's wife had a child who suffered from the same complaint that you have and that all the doctors in the world couldn't cure it. Poor chance for you?

Cheer up! you'll soon be dead.

That Philadelphia city once had fewer private bath tubs than Middletown has now. Oh! for the sweet summer time and the swimming from the river and lake side's.

Colonel Joe!

Election day is not so very far away, and each one of us doubtless have decided for whom we will cast the ballot.

It is the honor attached to office that appeals strongest to the would-be elected and it always will be so as long as the work is left in the hands of the one man. That man as we all know is Col. Joe Hanson, a man zealous in the performance of the duties detailed to the position he has filled in our town for the last decade. In noting this, we do not wish to cast any reflection on any member of our council, as we cannot help but commend each man for his service and to say frankly that we appreciate all that has been done by them. But we do say that Col. Joe has demonstrated to the public generally that he has positively done his duty and that faithfully; and as it is up to our citizens to again choose, we respectfully suggest your casting for the man upon whom we can positively depend, knowing that he has the leisure to spend in the performing of the duties imposed upon him.

When our town was flooded with rain in the early Spring of the past year, Col. Joe daily superintended the laying of the underground draining system and displayed unusual interest in same.

When it comes to the financing of projects, the Col. stands ready to promise you properly surfaced and clean thoroughfares about town; so cast your ballot for Col. Joe and thus show that you appreciate the good and wholesomely clean record that he has made.

That it is up to the writer to make a noise like a piece of cheese. WHIZ.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PROGRAM

The ladies of the New Century Club properly remembered the Father of His Country on his birthday, when a special George Washington program was rendered. The committee in charge for the day was Mrs. G. V. Peverley. Mrs. C. E. Pool and Miss Edith Shallcross, who spent a good deal of time and thought on the day's entertainment. The decorations were in the national colors, red, white and blue, and were very artistic. The following program was given: Singing, "Star Spangled Banner," by all; reading, "Lady Washington and her son," Miss Edith Shallcross, who was dressed as Lady Washington; piano duett, Mrs. J. A. Johnson and Miss Hutchin; reading, "Wedding of George Washington," Miss Whiteman, of Wilmington, who also read "That Watermelon," which was very amusing; duett, Mrs. Johnson and Miss Hutchin; reading from Thackeray's "Virginians," Miss Griffiss.

As the members entered the Club room they were met by three ladies of the "Washington period," Misses Laura Connellee, Helen McDowell and Charlotte Peverley, who welcomed them.

The members of the day's committee surprised those present with a delicious treat of salad, biscuit, ice cream and cake with cherry flavors.

MUSICALE AT M. E. CHURCH

The special musical feature of reopening week at Bethesda M. E. Church, will be an organ—violin—song recital, on next Tuesday, the first of March. The soloists will be Miss Elizabeth J. Collins, organist, a pupil at the Institute of Musical Art, New York City; Mrs. Nina Prettyman-Howell, violinist, graduate of the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music, and Mr. Lewis J. Howell, the wellknown baritone, a pupil of Wilbur H. Green of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Howell are artists of excellent ability and wide reputation. Both are members of the Philadelphia Operatic Society.

Don't forget the date—next Tuesday, March 1st, at 8 P. M. Silver offering, and it is hoped that no one will offer less than 25 cents, as it is given to the Methodist Brotherhood of Bethesda, and the proceeds go to the improvement fund of the Brotherhood.

OBITUARY

JOSEPH MANLOVE

Joseph Manlove, a well known and respected citizen of the First district, of Cecil County Md., died at the home of his son, Howard B. Manlove, Friday morning, aged eighty-one years. Mr. Manlove has long been a sufferer from heart disease, which caused his death. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. John Manlove, of this place; and by three sons, Howard, of near town; James and Harry, both of Philadelphia. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon from his late home; interment being made in Forest Cemetery.

LEWIS C. SPEAR

Lewis C. Spear died on Thursday last, near Earleville, Md., after an illness from pneumonia, aged about forty-one years. He is survived by a widow, who before marriage was Miss Elizabeth Husfelt, and by two children, Louise and Daniel Spear. An aged mother and eight brothers are also left to mourn his loss. Funeral services were held at his late residence in Pond's Neck on Sunday morning, Rev. O. E. Jones officiating, with interment in Cecilton Cemetery.

MRS. ANNA B. LINDALE

Mrs. Anna B. Lindale, wife of Rev. J. M. Lindale, pastor of Bethel and Summit M. E. Charge, Cecil county, died Tuesday afternoon of last week at the parsonage at Pivot Bridge, aged fifty-two years. She is survived by her husband and three daughters. The funeral was held Friday, with interment at Wyoming Cemetery.

MRS. SUSAN WRIGHT

Mrs. Susan Wright, widow of the late Peter K. Wright, died Monday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Murray, near Pivot Bridge, Md., of the infirmities of age, being in her ninety-fourth year. She is survived by two sons and two daughters—Elzy Wright, near Elkton; Henry A. Wright, of Elk Neck; Mrs. Tholman Clay, near Elkton, and Mrs. Murray. The funeral was held Thursday, interment being made in the Elkton Cemetery.

MRS. RICHARD HOLDEN

Mrs. Mary Moore Holden, wife of Richard Holden, died at their home in Warwick, Md., Monday afternoon, of rapid consumption, aged twenty-four years. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, of Chesapeake City. Besides her many friends, parents, sisters and brothers, she leaves a devoted husband and little daughter to mourn her loss.

The funeral service was held at the house Thursday at one o'clock; and interment in Warwick Cemetery.

CURRENT PRICES

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. B. FOARD.

Wheat—No. 1	$1.20	Corn—	
No. 2		Yellow, shelled	64
Timothy Seed	$2.50	" cob	68
Clover Seed	.17	Oats	65

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY W. T. CONNELLEE

Eggs, per doz	25@28
Country Butter, per lb	30@35
Creamery Butter, per lb	39
Lard, per lb	13@17
Live Chickens, per lb	14@16
Potatoes	35@45

MEMORIAL SERVICE

By Damon Lodge, No. 12, Knights of Pythias

One Friday evening, February 18th, I enjoyed the privilege of being present at the memorial service held to the memory of Garret Ellis, recently deceased, a valued member of Damon Lodge. The services were conducted by Grand Chancellor, Harry S. Beasten, assisted by T. V. Leonhart, Marshall; W. T. Pearce, Jr., Vice Chancellor; Rev. Vaughan S. Collins as Prelate, Supreme Representative Joseph C. Jolls and others. The services were beautiful in their simplicity and yet appealed to all that is best in man's nature. A male choir consisting of Messrs. J. R. Richards, R. D. Ratledge, J. J. Northrup, Harry Manlove, S. J. Brockson and Harry Vinyard, with R. L. Price as organist, rendered music suitable to the occasion.

At the proper time the Grand Chancellor introduced Rev. Vaughan S. Collins, a brother Knight, who made a most appropriate and practical address, replete with wise counsel and admonitions, after which Supreme Representative Joseph C. Jolls gave a brief history of the Pythian life of Brother Ellis. The many members of the Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows who were not present missed one of the most impressive ceremonies connected with that or any other organization.

ODD FELLOW.

ODESSA

Mr. Hollis Baker, of Aberdeen, Md., was a recent visitor in town.

Miss Elizabeth Orrell, of Middletown, visited relatives here over Sunday.

Miss Mary Townsend is spending sometime with relatives in Wilmington.

Miss Emma Eccles spent several days this week with relatives in Wilmington.

Mrs. G. C. Boyd, of Wilmington, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Tucker, last week.

Miss Lillian Buckson, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with her brother, Mr. George Buckson and wife.

Mrs. L. Scott Townsend and son, of Wilmington, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Townsend, this week.

Mrs. William Evans and daughter, Margaret, of Noxontown, spent Sunday with her sister, Miss Mollie Rose.

Mrs. C. Everett Rose and family spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Webb, near Port Penn.

Mrs. Therodore Long, has returned home, after spending sometime with her daughter, Mrs. Oakley Vinyard, in Jersey City, N. J.

Miss Minnie Armstrong, of the West Chester State Normal School, is spending a ten days' vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Armstrong, Sr.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Sunday School Association of St. Georges hundred was held Wednesday afternoon last at the home of Miss Edna Ewell.

Miss Edna Ewell, Superientendent of the Primary Department of the St. Pauls M. E. Sunday School, entertained the Primary Class at her home, Tuesday afternoon last, with a Puzzle entertainment, which proved both instructive and enjoyable to all.

For various reasons, it has been decided to postpone the Missionary Annivevrsary, to be held by the St. Pauls M. E. Sunday School, from the last Sunday evening this month to the first Sunday evening in March. At that time a prominent speaker from Wilmington is expected to be the principal feature of the evening's entertainment.

Rev. R. L. Hallett has resigned as pastor of Drawyers Presbyterian Church and accepted a call to Altoona, Pa. Mr. Hallett has been pastor of Drawyers Presbyterian Church for nine years, and has been untiring in his efforts to advance the interests of his church. He has been a strong and earnest worker in the temperance cause in our neighborhood. His very many friends wish him much success in his new field of labor.

TOWNSEND

Mr. P. M. Money was in Smyrna last Thursday.

Mrs. G. Naylor, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with her sister here.

Quite a number from here attended the sale of Walter Lee, near Leipic, yesterday.

Mrs. Daisy Collins, of Wilmington, was the guest of her parents here on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Lee and son were the guests of relatives in Clayton on Sunday.

Miss Mary Money spent from Monday until Wednesday with relatives in Wilmington.

Mrs. Garrett Othoson, of St. Georges, is spending sometime with John Townsend and family.

Mrs. W. A. Scott, Mrs. L. L. Maloney and Mrs. George Van Dyke were in Wilmington Saturday.

Miss Lilian West, of West Chester Normal School, is spending ten days with her parents here.

Mrs. Joseph Daniels is spending sometime with her son, Harvey Daniels and family, of Wilmington.

Miss Maud Smith, of Middletown, spent from Saturday until Tuesday with Mr. L. L. Maloney and family.

The W. C. T. U. held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. F. C. MacSorley on Monday afterooon.

Mr. Herbert Creadic, of Smyrna, and Miss Laura Cooper, of Felton, were the guests of Dr. Money and family on Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Wells and family had as their guests on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. George Loper, of Wilmington, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lafferty, of Clayton.

Quite a number of little folks from here attended a surprise party given Miss Ethel Daniels, near town, on Tuesday afternoon. A very pleasant time was had by all.

SALES TO TAKE PLAC

THURSDAY, MARCH 10th, 1910.—Public Sale of stock, farming implements, etc., by William Henderson, on the road leading from Dog Town to Paterson's School House. D. P. HUTCHISON, Auctioneer.

GOOD ROADS

We very naturally suppose that the above is something that should be very dear to the hearts of we Delawareans; and this last week of "slush" and "beautiful splashing mud" should have thoroughly refreshed our minds that we must stand shoulder to shoulder at election time on this very theme.

Generally around our historic townsite we have little to complain of in this direction, except our side and by-streets and East Main street particularly. When you say it quick it does not seem much, but drive over these thoroughfares with a little speed and your mother won't recognize you after a very few minutes. Surely therefore, our new town commissioners will get busy and devise some easy method of financing a project for better surfacing these streets of ours.

We certainly have a town that is dear to our hearts in every way, but if we can drive along our main thoroughfare at least, so that we can be recognized more easily by our friends through not being coated with mud and filth, our pleasure with regard to our township will certainly be supreme.

WOMAN BEAT TWO MEN

We suspect you'd like the tale how a woman beat two hardware dealers in Girard, Pa.

Devoe salesman tried his best to get those men to sell Devoe lead-and zinc in that bright town; and failed. Reluctantly took Mrs. E. R. Bowman, druggist.

They said they couldn't sell paint for more than $1.25 a gallon. Mrs. Bowman can. She has sold about all the paint, that has been sold there since.

She knew Devoe; had sold his artists' materials. Had some sense and force, besides; she easily learned that cheap is dear in paint, and told the people.

Mr. Burt Young bought a gallon Devoe for rooms that had always taken a gallon of other paint; had half left.

Mr. John Hanna, grocer, thought it expensive before he bought it; brought back nearly half of his paint, and said it was the cheapest job he ever had.

Mrs. Bowman reports universal satisfaction. So much for a cheap-paint town with a bright woman in it.

J. F. McWhorter & Son.

CECILTON

Miss Elizabeth Anderson was the guest of Miss Ethel Duhamell, in Earleville, several days last week.

Miss Olive Milliken spent Saturday with friends in town.

Preston Shallcross spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Carpenter, near Earleville.

Mrs. Alexander Wilson and Mrs. F. Wilson spent last Tuesday in Port Deposit.

Mr. W. W. Allen, of Middletown, was in town on Sunday.

District Superintendent Rev. R. K. Stephenson was entertained on Monday by Rev. O. E. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Moffett, of near Still Pond, spent last Wednesday with Mrs. Mary Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boyles spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith.

C. E. Burchenal, of Wilmington, Del., will deliver a lecture in M. E. Church in behalf of the anti Saloon League Sunday evening, Feb. 27th.

1910 TIME TABLE 1910



The Iron STEAMER CLIO

Captain H. V. Woodall

WILL LEAVE

Odessa for Philadelphia

AND RETURN FROM

Arch Street WHARF,

AS PER TIME TABLE:

ODESSA		MARCH	PHILA		
Tuesday,	1,	12.30pm	Friday,	4,	11.30am
Monday,	7,	5.00pm	Tuesday,	8,	2.30pm
Thursday,	10,	7.00pm	Friday,	11,	5.00pm
Monday,	14,	11.30am	Tuesday,	15,	7.30pm
Thursday,	17,	1.00pm	Friday,	18,	11.30am
Monday,	21,	5.00pm	Tuesday,	22,	2.30pm
Thursday,	24,	7.00pm	Friday,	25,	4.30pm
Monday,	28,	11.00am	Tuesday,	29,	6.30pm
Thursday,	31,	12.30pm			

Grain, Fruit and Stock Freighted at Reasonable Rates.

Attention given to the Careful Handling and Prompt Delivery of all consignments.

For information in regard to Freights, apply to

F. B. WATKINS, Manager
Odessa, Delaware

WILLIAM W. ROSE, Purser

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
—OF—
St. Georges Hundred!

The taxable residents of St. Georges Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1909 are now due, and the undersigned, administrator or John W. Denny, deceased, Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be at

MASSEY'S HOTEL, IN ODESSA,
WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16, 1910
From 11 to 2 P. M.

AT HENRY CLEAVER'S STORE, IN PORT PENN,
WEDNESDAY, FEB. 23d, 1910
From 11 to 2 P. M.

and at my residence, Crawford street, Middletown, Del., every Saturday, afternoon from 1 P. M., to 4 P. M.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector or by sending written communication, enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY, SECTION 3, CHAPTER 30, VOLUME 21, LAWS OF DELAWARE, AS AMENDED:

Section 3—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January five per centum thereof shall be added thereto.

JOHN E. DENNY
Administrator for John W. Denny, deceased, Collector of Taxes for St. Georges Hundred.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
—OF—
APPOQUINIMINK HUNDRED!

The taxable residents of Appoquinimink Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1909 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be

AT THE OFFICE OF GEORGE M. D. HART,
IN TOWNSEND, DEL.,
EVERY SATURDAY,
During FEBRUARY, 1910.
From 1 to 5 o'clock, P. M.

An abatement of 5 per centum will be allowed on all taxes paid during the month of August.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

WILLIAM C. MONEY,
Collector of Taxes for Appoquinimink Hundred

$8.50 SUITS

We bought for cash a big lot of Suits for Men, sizes 34 to 42, that we are selling at $8.50. All Worsted goods, full winter weight garments. Latest cuts, well made with good trimmings. Blue, grey and brown mixtures. Buy a good Overcoat now while we are closing them out at such prices. $9, $11.25 and $15 for splendid values in Blacks and Oxfords. A lot of extra size 40, 42 and 44 Suits, regulars and stouts, in our Special Sale at $7.50 and $10. New Spring goods for Tailoring are in and we are ready for your order. Full line Tuxedo, Full Dress and Prince Albert Suits in best grade Ready-mede.

MULLIN'S MEN'S STORE
WILMINGTON

FOR SALE!

TORINO No. 20826

Bay Stallion, 17 hands high, sire of more good colts than any horse in the State. Five with records better than 2 20. If you don't know him ask your neighbor. Satisfactory reasons for selling; a paying investment for some one.

Address,
BRADFORD & BUCKWORTH
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

LOAN NOTICE!

The stated ANNUAL MEETING of

The Odessa Loan Association

of Odessa, Del.,
Will be held at the Academy,
MONDAY, Feb. 28th, '10
at 7 o'clock, P. M.,

At which time a President, Vice President Secretary and Treasurer will be elected to serve one year and three (3) Directors to serve three years.

Also at the same time a limited amount of Stock in the 26th Series will be for sale

L. V. ASPRIL, Jr., Secretary.

FOR SALE!

Scarlet Clover Hay, baled	$16.00 ton
Cotton Seed Meal	$35.00 ton
Bran	$25.00 ton
Old-fashioned Buckwheat Flour	$ 3.00 bag

JOSEPH E. HOLLAND,
Milford, Del.

CHIROPODY

MRS. JAMES

Corn, bunions, ingrowing nails or any affections of the feet antiseptically and painlessly treated by graduate chiropodist. Also Shampooing, Manicuring and Scalp Treatment.

McKEE BUILDING
East Main St. MIDDLETOWN.

Girls' Stylish Dresses

$2 to $3.50 values, 98c to $1.98

New attractive styles in the latest French models of percale, chambray, Scotch plaids, ginghams, in stripes, plaids and checks, trimmed with contrasting color braids, full pleated skirts, deep hems about 200 dresses in the lot, almost every style and color you can think of.

Mothers come early and take advantage of them. Spring will soon be here, and you will need them. Sizes from 2 to 14 years.

A. FOGEL

Middletown, Delaware

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
—OF—
Blackbird Hundred!

The taxable residents of Blackbird Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1909 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be

AT BLACKBIRD, WATSON'S STORE
FEBRUARY 26th, 1910
From 1 to 4 P. M.

AT FLEMING'S LANDING,
FEBRUARY 28th, 1910
From 1 to 4 P. M.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY:

Section 3—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January five per centum thereof shall be added thereto.

JOHN BEITH,
Collector of Taxes for Blackbird Hundred

GIVE AND TAKE

BY ROLAND ASHFORD PHILLIPS

Abe Parker rose to his feet and stood gazing at the rapidly approaching figure on horseback, recognizing at length, through the dust, the familiar form of Goodby, the stage-driver, astride one of his own horses. The occurrence was so unusual and so abrupt that Parker immediately dashed off the porch and ran toward the express office, in front of which, surrounded by an eager crowd, the driver had come to a halt.

And just as we rounded the high bluff, this side of Grimes Point, a sneakin' cuss steps out into the road and orders me to toss off the express box, the excited man was explaining hurriedly, stopping, short of breath, to wipe away tho sweat that streamed down his tanned face.

And you gave it to him? roared the agent, Hall, angrily tugging at the bridle of Goodby's horse. You gave it up?

The sawed off shotgun pointin' at my head didn't look very peaceful like, the other continued, sliding to the ground. So you can bet I didn't waste any words in persuasion. I kicked the box out into the road, and the skunk took it up on his saddle and slipped off into the canyon. I knowed it wasn't no use followin' so I unhitched and came back on one of the horses, leavin the other tied to the wheel.

For the second time that month the Blue Canyon stage was relieved of its express box—the first time to the tune of three thousand in dust, this time to half that amount.

Parker, on the outside of the excited circle, listened grimly, his mouth set and a smoldering light in his gray eyes. A thousand of that dust belonged to him, destined for the smelters in Denver. On the previous occasion he had lost the same amount. He waited patiently for the man to finish his story, and then determinedly elbowed his way into the center of the group.

See here, Hall, he began, tapping the agent on the shoulder, What became of that Eastern friend of yours, eh? To my mind of thinking he left rather sudden, didn't he?

The agent whirled, a sudden glow of color in his cheeks.

Don't go casting any reflections on my friends, Parker, he retorted. That man was here to invest. I was merely showing him around. He left this morning on horseback, an hour ahead of the stage.

Parker watched the speaker narrowly.

I'm accusing no one, Hall, he resumed, after a pause. I'm not that kind. But that friend of yours didn't look very Eastern. His leaving looks suspicious, too. Now, if I remember correctly, he was hanging around camp the first time the stage was robbed. I've lost two thousand dollars this month, because the stage ain't been properly guarded. I'm getting tired of it. I'm going to get at the bottom of this affair and shake things up. That's all.

And with that he turned on his heel, the men giving way before him, and plodded slowly up the road toward his cabin.

Of course the express company hurried detectives to the scene who detected everything except the thief. They remained a week and hurriedly slipped away again. For the month following every trip of the stage was accompanied by two silent guards with wicked, sawed-off shotguns. Another month passed peacefully and one of the guards was dropped. Another lapse of thirty eventless days and the second was dispensed with.

Abe Parker, the second oldest man in the district, was the finder and sole owner of the "Fighting Hope" mine and mill. This property was giving up color to the value of five thousand a month.

One afternoon Parker strolled down the street and turned into the express office. Although thirty miles from the railroad, the camp of Goldhill was blessed with telegraph facilities. Hall, the agent, was seated behind his cage, placidly smoking a cigar.

I'm closing a little deal on some property, Parker began quietly. Think I can get currency through without risk?

Don't see why, said Hall. Haven't had any disturbance for three months.

Parker wrote a short telegram and Hall promptly clicked it off to Denver. It read:

J. E. Haper, Denver, Col.:
Please send two thousand in currency, express.
Abe Parker.

The agent turned from the key.

We'll give it four days to get here, he said.

Once Parker had gained the street, he chucked.

That fellow could never play poker, he muttered. His eyes give him away. Should wear smoked glasses.

An hour later, carrying able instructions, one of his men was on the way to Denver. It was J. E. Haper, to whom had been sent the telegram.

Seven days later Parker again strolled into the express office. Hall smiled, and going to the safe, took out a thick, seal-covered envelope. The mine owner looked over it casually and then pushed it back.

My deal isn't closed yet, he ventured calmly.

You'd better keep it for the time. Don't like to have so much currency lying about the shanty.

Of course, the agent returned, if you want to keep it here, it's your privilege. Accidents do happen unexpectedly now and then.

Again Parker shot a quick glance, caught the speaker's eyes, and turned away.

Ever play poker? he asked abruptly. The agent started and then laughed embarrassedly.

No, never did. Why?

Nothing, Parker mused, half aloud. Then in a businesslike tone, I'll keep the money here. I'm allowed thirty days in which to take it away. Anyway, as my deal is hanging fire, it will be safer here.

Hall put the envelope back in the safe. When he turned, the mine owner had gone.

Day after day dragged its course. Parker made almost daily visits to the express office, but no mention was ever made of the envelope. Finally, with a strained show of indifference, the agent spoke of it.

What about that currency of yours, Parker? he asked. Your thirty days will be up soon.

Parker shrugged his shoulders. Don't know if I'll want the stuff, after all, he explained. Looks like my deal is going to fall through. Ought to know tomorrow. Maybe I'll send the envelope back.

Walking back up the street in the early dusk, Parker saw the stage drive up and discharge a solitary passenger. The fellow stepped quickly from the stage and walked toward the express office. It was the Eastern friend of the agent.

There'll be a storm to-night, Parker mentioned to his foreman that evening at the mine. But the other laughed, and gazed up at the clear heavens.

Don't think much of your prediction, Abe, he retorted. There ain't a cloud in the sky.

This storm's going to come from another direction, Parker went on, a smile twitching at his lip corners. Neither of us'll get a full night's sleep.

True to his prediction, the storm came. It must have been near three a. m. when the mine owner awoke abruptly. A dull roar had just died away in the distance. After the pause, a few faint cries began to break into the silence. Some one, with a loud clatter, ran hurriedly past the cabin. Parker dressed and went out into the gloom. Lights were flashing here and there half clad men were slamming doors and running wildly down the street toward the center of excitement. An eager, swearing throng jammed the front of the express office. Inside, Parker beheld naught but ruins. An explosion had blown out the rear of the frame building. Hall, the agent, clad only in his trousers and his face as pasty as bloodless flesh could be, was incoherently telling his story. A little stream of blood was trickling from his hair, zig zagging down across his cheeks.

I heard the first noise and came out, he was stammering. The fellow was just tamping the stuff into the safe. I yelled and fired at him, but missed. Then he turned and shot me. I felt the lead tick me on the forehead. After that came the explosion. I was hurled out into the street. The thief had a horse and got away in the dark.

He passed a tremulous hand across his face, smearing the blood across his mouth. Almost instantly he caught sight of Parker.

Too bad, Parker, he groaned. Your envelope was among the stuff stolen. You ought to have taken it home last night, he added.

But Parker only shrugged his shoulders.

Guess it isn't any of my loss, he ventured easily. The stuff was in the company's safe and they're responsible.

I suppose you're right, Hall vouched slowly. Never thought of that. But, then, not many try to get their loss refunded in a case like this.

The mine owner's lips tightened. No? Well, I'm one that does. I've lost two bags of dust from that stage and never whimpered. But this time I'm going to make them refund that two thousand.

Promptly, on an urgent wire from Hall, the company hurried its detectives on the scene. And as on previous occasions, they fumed and sweated, talked mysteriously and at great length, did nothing to clear up the tangle, and finally slipped away to Denver. Two weeks later the company sent a representative to the camp, and he wrote out a check for two thousand dollars for Parker.

And as it was nearing the yearly clean-up at the smelters, Parker left the affairs of the mine in charge of his foreman and boarded a train for Denver. The second week after his arrival, while walking down Curtis Street, thick with the afternoon theater crowds, Parker came face to face with Hall.

What you doing around the metropolis? Parker ventured.

The company fired me, the agent confessed. There wasn't any evidence against me, of course, he added defiantly, but they did it on general principles. I came straight here, looking for work.

Parker looked the man over carefully and then thrust a hand into his pocket.

Did your Eastern friend show up—after that last excitement? he asked suddenly, grimly.

The agent flushed guiltily and, clenching his fists, hissed angrily,

What the——do you mean?

Parker smiled quizzically and held up a restraining hand.

Mean? Don't try bluffing, Hall. I know your lay.

The other stood for a moment, struggling between fear and shame. Only for an instant did he stare defiantly into Parker's eyes, then his own fell and he grasped at a railing for support.

I guess you got me dead to rights, he whispered huskily. I was just weak, he pleaded. Just weak, and I fell to the temptation. For God's sake, old man, don't put the thumbscrews on. I've been through a hell of a dance. Roberts got the stuff and skipped. I didn't even get my share, but I'm glad of it—God! how glad I am!—for I've got a promise of a job now. It isn't much, but I'm going straight.

The mine owner laid a kindly hand on his shoulder. He could feel the quiver of fear that ran through the other's body.

It's all right, Hall, he said. I sized you up as pretty easy meat at first sight. I'll keep mum. You're no poker player, though. You should've worn smoked glasses. Your eyes gave you away. You and your Eastern friend got both of those bags—I knew it. But the company gave it all back. Take this twenty for a stake till you land your job.

But—but, I don't understand, and Hall stopped, choking back a sob that welled in his throat.

Parker smiled.

Your friend had a good bit of trouble getting that envelope, eh? I'd like to've seen his face when he cut it open. Do you know, Hall, a bundle of brown paper, cut properly, feels a good bit like greenback? Haper went on ahead to Denver, you know. Pretty clever boy, Haper.

He turned to go, stretching out his hand toward the silent, white-faced agent. For a full ten seconds Hall stared at him, a look in his eyes like that of a hunted beast that has suddenly found sanctuary; then a smile lighted up his face, and he felt a warm clasp on his own nerveless hand. For a moment he lingered, then turned and fled, clutching tightly two yellow bills.

DAIRYMEN UP IN REVOLT

The Abbott Alderney Dairies' owners must tell their patrons in and about Oxford, Pa., what price they will pay for milk during the coming year, or there will be a strike. Such was the ultimatum rendered at a meeting of the farmers in Oxford Tuesday morning. Hundreds of dissatisfied dairymen attended the meeting, condemning in vigorous terms the cut in the price of milk at this time of year. Many plans were formulated, but the most reasonable one and the one finally adopted was the drawing up of a petition asking the Abbott Company, since the receipts from the sale of milk to the consumer are known it ought to be a simple matter, they say, to figure what share of this belongs to the farmer. This petition was signed by about two-thirds of the patrons of the Oxford station.

ABOUT WOMEN

In Oregon the Senator has passed a bill that applicants for a marriage certificate must bring a certificate of good health from a licensed physician.

Since Mrs. Parkhurst, the English Suffragette, visited our shores, we have learned a good deal about the conditions of women in her country. According to the laws there, a woman cannot inherit land if she has any brothers. Infidelity is not a ground for divorce, but if a man strikes his wife she may get a divorce.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the New York suffragist, came down to the police court at 2 o'clock in the morning to give bail for some of the shirt waist strikers who had been arrested. Mrs. Belmont is very practical in her work to help her less fortunate sisters. She is not afraid that the contract of the poorer class will degrade her, as is the case with some of the anti-suffragists.

The police in Philadelphia in arresting the shirt waist strikers caught two of them and knocked their heads together; another man hit a woman in the face with his fist. These girls were not trying to get a vote; they were not breaking any law. One woman was arrested whose business took her to that street where the shirt factory is, and kept in a cell over night. These women are not suffragettes—just women, working women, who are trying to get better living wages, and the police are allowed to knock and bang them about in this glorious land of the brave(?) and home of the free (?).

WHAT IS A HOME?

What is a home?
What is a home for? Peace.
What do many of us make it?
A place for relating trials.
A place for displaying tempers.
A place for being disagreeable.
A place for dispute.
A place for haste.
A place for fault-finding.
A place for fretting and worrying.
A place for tears.
A place for snarls.
A place for growling.
A place for swearing.
A place for sulking.
A place for meannees, such as none but a home companion would forgive; for ugliness such as none would inflict upon a stranger.

Place opposite this: Home, a place for rest, for cheer, for warmth, for comfort, for forbearance, a place for peace, repose; a place where the soul may extend toward a nobler, better life. Home!

The word itself comes from the Sanskrit "ksema," meaning abode, place of rest, security.

Sometimes blessings come to us disguised as misfortunes.

Patience is a gift of experience.

Sarcasm is a sword without a handle. He who wields it must have a care that he himself be not cut.

DON'T SCOLD

For the sake of your children don't scold. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting complaining and fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted, and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong doing, whether they deserve it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favorable opinion of the fault-finder, since they see they always strive in vain. Thus a scold is not only a nuisance, but a destroyer of the morals of children. If these unloved dreaded people could only see themselves as others see them, they would flee to the mountains in very shame.

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The best work for less money and done while you wait. I have moved on Broad Street next door to *The New Era*, in Dr. Vaughan's old office.

Men's Soles and Heels	75c
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MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

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We sell Candies at wholesale prices. Examine our stock of candies in ½, 1 and 5 lb boxes before buying elsewhere.

Wholesale and Retail

We are now making and serving to our customers Graham Wheat Bread.

Having now completed our first year in the baking business, we feel that we are in a position to give our patrons better service in the future than in the past. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your future patronage, we remain

Oak lard tierces, iron band, at reasonable prices.

Very truly,
W. W. Allen & Son
Middletown, Del.

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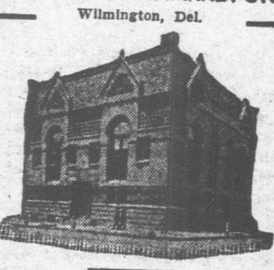
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L. Scott Townsend, Treasurer.

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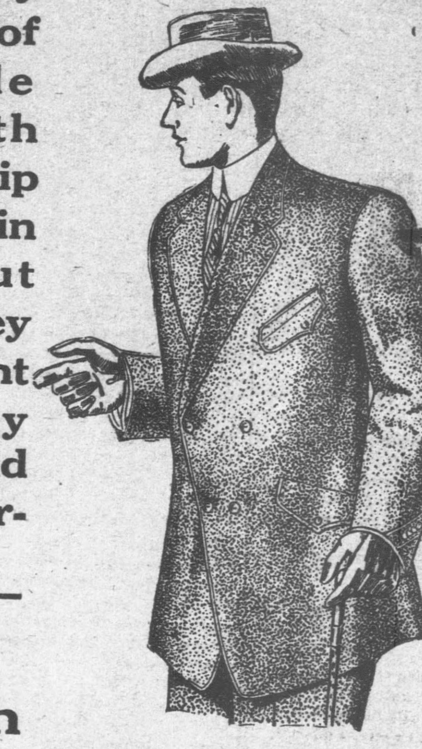
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Man and Youth

At values in workmanship, material and style at a saving of 50 per cent. to you over city prices.

I appreciate trade as much as any merchant in business, I can supply and please the most fastidious. I merely ask for your consideration and if you will guarantee me this I will guarantee you as good as the country affords and if I can't do this, I don't deserve your trade.

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